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THE PRESERVATION OF ANCIENT MUSIC.

BY W. BARCLAY SQUIRE.

THE recent fortunate discovery in Vienna of two unknown Cantatas of Beethoven's is one of those events which seem periodically to happen in order to keep up the flagging spirits of disappointed collectors. No doubt there was, once a time when such treasures might be literally "picked up" (to use the amateur antiquary's favourite expression) in many old-book shops, but the rage for collecting which, with the spread of culture and the increase of wealth, has attained such vast dimensions in the present day, has left but very few hoards of books, manuscripts, china, or pictures undisturbed or unransacked. Perhaps music has been less collected than any other branch of antiquities, and yet very little of value comes to light, though it is appalling to think of the amount which must be lost. Almost until the present day it is certain that the greater part even of the music which came to a hearing remained in manuscript, and barely a hundredth part of what was written ever appeared in print. The further back we go the more is this the case. When Burney travelled through Europe to collect materials for his history, he found in nearly every small Italian town an opera house, while in the larger places the musical activity was prodigious, both in the ecclesiastical establishments and on the stage. In Germany every little court had a regular orchestra, and many private noblemen kept a number of musicians in their households. And yet with all this immense amount of fiddling and singing, good, bad, and indifferent, there was, comparatively speaking, very little music published until the present century. Partly, no doubt, owing to the cost of printing music, and probably partly owing to the imperfect manner in which the work was done, the great mass of music played or sung, was performed from manuscript copies. It is only by realizing the number of the MSS. which must at one time have existed, that any idea can be obtained of the comparative smallness of the amount now in existence. What the Vatican library contains no one knows: it is still the unexplored ground to which the eyes of antiquaries turn lovingly; but it is certain that no other great library possesses anything like the amount of manuscript music which would be expected. To take but one instance, Venice, which at the beginning of the eighteenth century owned no less than eleven opera-houses, besides four great music schools, would naturally be expected to be rich in collections of old music, and yet careful research at the library of S. Marco last year revealed that the MSS. preserved there were principally a private collection which belonged to the family of Contarini of San Benedetto, and was transferred to the library in 1835. Its extent is quite inconsiderable, though it certainly contains several treasures together with a large amount of rubbish. At the Correr Museum, the same disappointing state of affairs was met with, for though the MSS. there are more numerous, yet they are decidedly of less importance, and abominably catalogued to boot. In the organ-loft of St. Mark's, a quantity of old music, covered with the dust and filth of years was seen, but of what it consisted there was no opportunity of ascertaining. The destruction of music which must have taken place is something enormous. Probably ecclesiastical music has suffered less than secular; the destruction of theatres, and the dispersal of court libraries must have been occasions for wholesale immolations of orchestral and vocal parts, whereas in churches and monasteries the old music has been generally laid aside to rot and decay. In England alone, it is pitiable to think of what must have perished. No care seems to have been bestowed by any generation upon the productions of its predecessors, and the result is that now we have to deplore the irreparable loss of much that we can ill afford to lose. A few years ago, the present writer was at some pains to ascertain exactly what old music was still preserved in the cathedrals of England. The answers to his enquiries were curious, and on the whole not very edifying. The general tenor was that there were only a few old part-books; in some cases, not even that. What was perhaps the most remarkable fact elicited then was the manner in which all old music seems to have disappeared from the metropolitan cathedrals of St. Paul's and Westminster, and from the Chapel Royal. At St. Paul's, nothing of much antiquity could be expected, but at Westminster, and the Chapel Royal, all traces of the great composers who were connected with them, not only as organists, but even (in the case of Purcell at the Abbey) as copyists, have absolutely and entirely vanished. In the former there is no old music to be found, and in the latter only the collection preserved in the chapter library.

The disappearance of the Chapel Royal books cannot, of course, be explained by the ordinary method; at some period there must have been a wholesale destruction or abstraction of the old books, but in the cases of most of our cathedrals—and it is much to be feared in many of our libraries as well—the gradual disappearance and destruction of manuscript music, is principally due to the careless manner in which it is kept. Any musician who is familiar with the organ-lofts or choir-rooms of our cathedrals, must have vivid recollections of the piles of old part-books, dirty, thumbled and torn, bound in worn-out leather, from whence the dust flies in brown clouds, lying neglected and uncared for, after years of ill-use at the rough hands of careless choir-boys. Or perhaps it is in some college library where, after much search and disturbing of heavy volumes of dusty theology, a heap of music will be found in the bottom shelf of a book-case, covered with grime from the unswept floor, and placed there by the librarian, "because it's only music." The present writer will never forget his first visit to one of the finest collections of early English music we possess, when on enquiry as to where he should find it, he was told by the librarian, "Oh, the music's in the cellar. Here's the key. When you've done, turn the lock, and hang the key up behind the door!" It is hardly to be wondered at that so much should be missing from that collection. Of course, with regard to much of the old music which still exists in our cathedrals, the objection will be raised that it is, artistically speaking, valueless. This is a remark which is very often made, particularly by organists of the more modern school. Even granting that this is the case, it does not give the owners or guardians any right to destroy or neglect to take proper care of the music in their charge. Possibly Purcell's and Blow's successors thought the same of the music which they found in the Abbey or Chapel Royal organ lofts, and yet what would we not now give to possess some of the manuscript volumes which must have been penned by the hands of those two great musicians? It cannot be sufficiently impressed upon individuals, both public and private, who possess or have charge of records of this description, that their ownership is of a very limited description, and that they are mere trustees, holding what is really public property, and answerable to the public for the safe custody of their trust. Regarded in this light, it is no answer to a charge of neglect, to say that the property held is of no value; though valueless as music, yet these dilapidated old choir-books are still valuable from an historical point of view; and if the destruction which it is to be feared is still going on in this kind of music is not checked, their value as historical documents will increase yearly. The truth is that some strong and influential expression of opinion amongst musical antiquaries is sadly needed with regard to the preservation of old music.

The principal depositories of our national musical treasures—both printed and manuscript, English and foreign—are the libraries of the British Museum and Royal College of Music, the Bodleian and Christ Church collections at Oxford, the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, Anderson's College at Glasgow, and the libraries attached to the different cathedrals. In the British Museum music is at all events carefully preserved, and more accessible than in other collections, but even here the catalogues leave much to be desired, and the separation of printed works and manuscripts, treatises and music properly so-called, is apt to be inconvenient. The library of the College of Music, which was acquired from the Sacred Harmonic Society a few years ago, suffers from the limited space in the College building. The books and manuscripts are literally all over the place: there is no librarian, and it is to be feared that unless some steps are taken to re-arrange the collection it will soon get into a state of hopeless disorganization. At the Bodleian, where matters long were very bad, the reforming spirit of the new librarian has not left the valuable Music School Collection untouched. It is much to be wished that his power reached a little further, and that he could influence the authorities of Christ Church to make their magnificent collection accessible. According to the carefully-guarded manuscript catalogue, the musical MSS. in this library amount to nearly 5,000 in number, and include such treasures as 23 anthems by Blow; 29 anthems, 43 motets, and 19 madrigals by Byrd; 18 motets by Dering; 20 anthems and 21 madrigals by Ford; 24 anthems by Orlando Gibbons; 15 operas by Purcell; 39 motets by Sheppard; 11 anthems and 22 motets by Tallis; 25 motets by White; 47 motets and 45 cantatas by Carissimi; 67 motets by Gratiani; 112

cantatas by L. Rossi; and much more rare and interesting music; and yet not only is there no published catalogue, but students can only obtain a sight of any of the works in the collection as a special favour on the part of the librarian, into whose room the piece of music required is brought to be inspected. At the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, the collection is much smaller and more accessible, though here again there is a grave defect in the utter inadequacy of the MSS. catalogue, while much is wanted in binding and rearranging, identifying MS. fragments, &c. At Anderson's College (if a recent printed report is to be believed) matters are worse than ever. The valuable collection bequeathed by Mr. Ewing is utterly useless for purposes of study or research, and judging from the condition which some of the books from it were in when sent to the Loan Collection at the Albert Hall last year, it is preserved (?) in some place which will soon cause the ruin of the whole collection. The catalogue, which was prepared and published in accordance with the terms of the testator's will, is admirable as a bibliographical joke, but though it affords amusing reading, its eccentricities of classification and arrangement are apt to be irritating to a student. But it is in the cathedral libraries that music is least cared for. The amount of music in these collections is generally very small, and hence it is overlooked and relegated to lower shelves or damp corners. And yet very often treasures of no small value are concealed in these quaint dusty rooms. Within the last year valuable and interesting MS. books of church music have been discovered at York and Durham; Lincoln possesses an admirable collection of early Italian madrigals; and the Chapter library of Westminster, in addition to some interesting manuscripts, has a set of madrigal part-books which rivals that of Lincoln. But it is to be feared that these things are most frequently not valued as they ought to be. A little money spent in binding or repairing would often arrest decay, and yet it never seems to be spent, and the dust and dirt are allowed to accumulate and do their slow but certain work. What is the remedy for this unsatisfactory state of affairs? In the first place, in libraries where music is properly cared for, attention should be turned to rendering everything accessible by proper classification, and above all, by means of printed catalogues. The College of Music is, at present, the only collection of music of which there is anything like a respectable published catalogue. Neither the Bodleian nor the British Museum have attempted to print the bulk of their catalogues, though in the case of the latter the accessions to the collection are printed, and it is to be presumed that the rest of the catalogue will appear before long. In the case of small collections like the Bodleian and Fitzwilliam, there can be no reason why proper catalogues should not be published; they would neither be costly, nor take long to prepare, and their dissemination would be a great boon to the student. Of course, work of this description must to some extent be edited by specialists, but at the Universities there must be plenty of able men sufficiently skilled in musical bibliography to undertake the work. Secondly, with regard to libraries where music is not properly taken care of, owing either to the smallness of its quantity, or to other causes, the only remedy is that it should be removed to where it will be in safety. There are three centres where music of this kind could be received, viz., the Bodleian, the British Museum, and the Fitzwilliam. If the governing bodies of these institutions could send a combined circular to the colleges and cathedrals, representing how important it is that records of this description should be properly preserved and rendered accessible, and asking that the safe-keeping of such volumes should be entrusted to them, it would, at all events, be a step in the right direction, and even if the result were not very productive of valuable additions to the British Museum and the two university libraries, it might have the effect of drawing the attention of the collegiate and cathedral bodies addressed, to the music in their libraries, and of making them more careful that they were properly preserved.

WANTED—A HANDBOOK.

If it is true that "one half of the world knows not how the other half lives," how much more is it true that one half knows not what the other half enjoys. The East-ender may be aware that the fashionable world is in the habit of fre-

quenting certain places of amusement, while some of the inhabitants of Belgravia may be dimly conscious that there are such things as "penny gaffs," and similar varieties of oriental gaiety. But the distance between the two extremes of society is not so wide as the gulf that is fixed between those who thoroughly enter into the intelligent enjoyment of an art, and those to whom that art is as a book, written in an unknown tongue and exquisitely illustrated. In the matter of appreciation of music, there is a class between these two, and probably more extensive than either. Its members are defined according to their own phrase, as being "not really musical, you know, but very fond of music," a distinction which is by no means without a difference. It is quite true that they are fond of music to a limited—sometimes a very limited—extent; that the pleasure which they take in such music as they can understand is a perfectly sincere and genuine pleasure; and that they are, from one reason or another, unable to show the delight taken by their more musical friends in the great masterpieces of the art. This inability we may take to proceed from no inherent defect either in themselves or the compositions they fail to admire, but simply from want of musical education. No doubt the rudiments of music have been mastered by many of them, and at an oratorio they find the perusal of the pianoforte score not only possible but entertaining; yet, as to the structure of music, and especially the meaning of instrumental compositions, they are absolutely in the dark. Yet these things are no mysteries—no *arcana* hidden from the vulgar herd and kept for a favoured few. It is quite certain that any intelligent and educated person who is capable of distinguishing one tune from another, or who can remember or recognize a musical phrase or theme, can almost in a few minutes be shown the first principles of musical construction, and thenceforth can discern them for himself when listening to a work previously unknown to him.

It may be urged that the lack of general knowledge concerning musical structure is supplied by means of the analytical programmes, which, since their introduction by Mr. Ella at the Musical Union have spread to almost every concert of importance. But though these little books have their use, they can hardly be said to reach that class of hearers of which we have been speaking. Instruction is needed, not by those who habitually attend the best concerts, but by those who imagine classical music to be beyond their comprehension; and this instruction must, moreover, be couched as far as possible in untechnical terms. Nor is it necessary to analyze special musical works so much as to exhibit the laws of structure by which all are governed. The jargon of "episodes," "free fantasias," *et hoc genus omne*—terms which not seldom mystify even the higher grades of listeners—must be dispensed with altogether; or if it is impossible to avoid them, they must be explained clearly, and in the vernacular. The principles of the various musical forms should be simply explained, in order of elaborateness, from the variation through the rondo, up to the sonata. The subject of counterpoint and fugue might be touched upon, but greatest stress should be laid upon the sonata form, that common mould in which are cast almost all the greatest creations in pure music. The reasons for the structural plan might be shown to depend upon the same elements which govern all the arts in a greater or less degree. Repetition, balance, contrast, might be shown to lie at the root of many a composition as clearly as their presence can be demonstrated in painting or poetry.

If we have only mentioned a handbook of musical form, it is because we think that this is the subject that is most generally ignored by the "people who are fond of music."

Were the composition of such an untechnical handbook once undertaken, many kindred subjects would present themselves for less detailed treatment, such as the organisation of an orchestra, forming an introduction to the study of orchestration; and many of the conventionalities that are commonplace to the musician and stumbling-blocks to the partially-instructed hearers might be satisfactorily explained. We cannot but think that the "untechnical handbook" would find acceptance at the hands of many who would not look at a regular musical treatise, and that it would open their eyes to a whole world of pleasurable sensations, such as their more musical friends enjoy.

Reviews.

THE MODEL, AND OTHER POEMS.*

By COTSFORD DICK.

Mr. Cotsford Dick is the composer of several ballads of the popular type; a circumstance which makes itself unmistakably felt in the few poems in this collection avowedly destined for musical purposes. These, it is clear, have not escaped the numbing influence of commonplace inseparable from such works, and are decidedly inferior to the rest. With the more pleasure, therefore, we turn to that part of his book in which Mr. Cotsford Dick has permitted freer play to the gifts of poetic fancy and graceful versification with which he is undoubtedly endowed. A fair specimen of these qualities is furnished by the prettily-turned verses printed in our last issue, entitled, "A Caprice," where, as in other numbers, such as "The two Seasons," and "Failure," the author shows his predilection for treating the divisions of the day, or the seasons of the year, in their contrasted significance. The influence of Tennyson in several cases would almost seem to have been intentionally exhibited. The first verse, for example, of "Penelope's Complaint" might fairly be sung by a not over-articulate choir to Mr. Barnby's familiar "Sweet and low" without exciting remark:—

"Sad and slow, sad and slow,
Languish the hours away;
Sad and slow, from gleam to glow,
Tracing my desolate day.
Never a sail from the laughing sea,
Wooing my wanderer back to me,
Smiles to this silent strait;
So must I wearily, so must I drearily
Weave and wait."

And the same might be said of the second verse but for one ill-scanned couplet which, being the only instance of the kind we have lighted upon, may with fairness be set down to a misprint or an oversight:—

"Fretting a scarf for my truant to wear,
Scarlet and gold in a small damascene rare."

The suggestion of "In Memoriam" again, in the following, cannot have been unperceived by the writer; but the poem has a merit of its own, which relieves it from the charge of plagiarism:—

"As deep-set pools enfoliag'd bear
The stagnant semblance of decay
Till some chance sunbeam's random ray
Reveals the life that labours there;

As gifted rod alone will bend
Responsive to one favour'd hand,
To recognize beneath the land
What secret way the spring doth wend;

So Love that haply yet denies
His image to our anxious keep,
Waits only in the popped sleep,
That hangs around oblivious eyes

For sympathetic lips to gain
The password to his slumb'ring heart,
And with a touch, perchance, restart
The pulses through the languid vein.

* "The Model and other Poems," by Cotsford Dick. (Elliot Stock, London.)

For every seed that falls to earth,
Cast by the heedless bird aloft,
The cloud distils one rain-drop soft
To swell the fulness of its birth."

The opening poem, "The Model," in which a simple tale of unrequited affection is feelingly told, contains some pathetic as well as picturesque passages. As a rule, the shorter pieces in the collection carry the palm, and the purely romantic element is more successfully dealt with than the poetico-philosophical. "Ichabod," the longest of the poems, though not without merit, is perhaps the least satisfactory; and among the *vers d'occasion* we may take exception to a realistic and somewhat flippant treatment of some very unpleasant notions in "Cremation and Corruption" and the "Burden of Vivisection." On the other hand, in "Any Man to His Black and Tan" (which we quote elsewhere in full) and "Any Maid to Her Tabby's Shade," the writer has attempted a lighter vein with considerable success. We are unable to give further extracts, and must refer the reader to the book itself for various other poems certainly above the ordinary level of merit. Meanwhile we congratulate Mr. Cotsford Dick upon his appearance in this new capacity, while expressing our opinion that his muse is best away from music.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Messrs. Novello send an anthem for Whitsuntide "I will not leave you comfortless," by Mr. William Johnson, whose Lenten cantata *Ecce Homo* we reviewed last week. The same qualities which we then noticed appear in this anthem, though it is of much slighter structure and in every way a simpler affair. Again the words of the Saviour are set, not for a man's voice, but for trebles. This time it is the soprano chorus to whom the opening sentence is allotted. The melodious, if not very original, subject is not improved by the awkward treatment of the bass in the sixth bar, but this is remedied in the choral setting of the same subject, which follows immediately. A middle movement starts in D flat, but the composer seems unable to relinquish the key in which he began, A flat, until the close of the anthem, when a hymn-tune of considerable beauty and distinct originality appears to the words "Spirit of mercy, truth and love." Unfortunately this is in E flat, so that no return is made to the key in which the work set out. Our reason for dissecting a composition of so comparatively slight a kind is that we feel sure that so original a composer as Mr. Johnson has shewn himself to be, will make his mark in the future, if he will in the present take pains to repair that which is yet lacking on account of inexperience.

A *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*, by Arthur W. Whitley, calls for no detailed criticism; the growing tendency to avoid the complications of harmony by the easy means of unisonous or two-part writing, is only too strikingly exemplified in this service, which to give it its due, contains no grievous errors, unless we choose to cavil at the disagreeable harmonisation at the beginning of the Gloria.

The fame enjoyed on this side of the Atlantic by Dr. Edward Hodges is scarcely, we should have imagined, sufficiently great to warrant the re-publication of two settings of the *Te Deum* (Novello & Co.). Though born in England, and educated at the institution called "Sydney" Sussex College, Cambridge, his career as an organist was almost entirely confined to America. He returned to England some years before his death in 1867, and his daughter, who not only rejoices in the distinguished name of Faustina Hasse Hodges, but is herself an organist of some eminence, is responsible for the appearance of this new edition of her father's works. The composer has one claim to our especial notice, since he was for some time, as we learn from Grove's dictionary, a contributor to *THE MUSICAL WORLD* of his day. The more important of the two works now before us was composed in 1846 for the consecration of Trinity Church, New York. It is effective, according to the standards of the time when it was written, though at the present day, it might strike some hearers as slightly meretricious. The ease of writing which it displays marks the cultivated musician, and the few passages that contain specimens of contrapuntal skill are so good that we regret the smallness of their number. The closing passage, "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted," is treated after the manner of a double fugue, though only for a brief space, and is very interesting. The second setting of the same words in D, might have been considered more suitable than

the first for festive use, since it contains several sections for solo voices. Though not entirely free from the influence of that school which reached its culminating point of disgrace in "Jackson in F," the solo verses possess a certain amount of merit. The choral writing, like that of the other setting, is good. The *Kyrie* and *Ter Sanctus* appended to this setting, have little to recommend them, except that in the former the words are kept intact, and not repeated to suit the fancied exigencies of the music.

The last number of a publication called "The National Book of Hymn-tunes, Chants, and Kyries," issued by Messrs. Patey and Willis, contains a new tune to the Easter Hymn, "Christ our Lord is risen to-day," by Dr. Stokes. Whether a new tune to this hymn is really required is a point upon which we cannot presume to judge. For ourselves we are inclined to think that a choir or congregation that has got tired of the time-honoured tune with its quaint *melismata* on the "Alleluia," does not deserve to have a new tune given them. The tune now under consideration differs in some important respects from the old composition, which with all its peculiarities most people would be sorry to see superseded. Dr. Stokes treats the first two verses as one eight-line stanza, reserving the Alleluias for the end. When they come, the four-part harmony of the hymn is extended to six parts, and it must be admitted that this concluding part of the composition is effective. The tune itself calls for no comment.

WITH LISZT.

From Miss FAY'S *Music-Study in Germany*.

(Continued from page 246.)

Going back, Liszt indulged in a little graceful badinage *apropos* of the concerto. You know he has written two concertos. The one in E flat is much played, but this one in A very rarely. It is exceedingly difficult, and is one of the few of his compositions that interests Liszt to know that people play. "I should write it otherwise if I wrote it now," he explained to me as we were walking along. "Some passages are very troublesome (*hüchlig*) to execute. I was younger and less experienced when I composed it," he added; with one of those illuminating smiles "like the flash of a dagger in the sun," as Lenz says.

When we reached the hotel everybody went in to take a siesta—that *Mittags-Schlaf* which is law in Germany. I did not wish to sleep, and felt like exploring the old town. So Count S. and I started on a walk. Sondershausen is a dreamy, sleepy place, with so little life about it that you hardly realize there are any people there at all. It is pleasantly situated, and gentle hills and undulations of land are all about it, but it seems as if the town had been dead for a long time and this were its grave over which one was quietly walking. We took the road that wound past the castle. It was embowered in trees, and behind the castle were gardens and conservatories. The road descended on the other side, and we followed it till we came unexpectedly upon a little circular park. Such a deserted, widowed little park it seemed! Not a soul did we encounter as we wandered through its paths. Bordering them were great quantities of berry-laden snowberry bushes, of which I am very fond. The park had a sort of rank and unkempt aspect, as if it were abandoned to itself. The very stream that went through it flowed sluggishly along, and as if it hadn't any particular object in life. I enjoyed it very much, and it was very restful to walk about it. One felt there the truth of R.'s favourite saying, "It doesn't make any difference. *Nothing* makes any difference."

Count S. rattled on, but I didn't hear more than half of what he said. He is a pleasure-loving man of the world, fond of music, but a perfect materialist, and untroubled by the *souffle vers le beau* which torments so many people. At the same time he is appreciative and very amusing, and one has no chance to indulge in melancholy with him. We sauntered about till late in the afternoon, and then returned to the hotel for coffee before going to the concert, which began at seven. The concert hall was behind the palace, and seemed to form a part of it. Liszt, the Countess von X., and Count S. sat in a box, aristocratic fashion. The rest of us were in the parquet. I was amazed at the orchestra, which was very large and

played gloriously. It seemed to me as fine as that of the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, though I suppose it cannot be. "Why has no one ever mentioned this orchestra to me?" I asked of Kellermann, who sat next, "and how is it one finds such an orchestra in such a place?" "Oh," said he, "this orchestra is very celebrated, and the Prince of Sondershausen is a great patron of music." This is the way it is in Germany. Every now and then one has these surprises. You never know when you are going to stumble upon a jewel in the most out-of-the-way corner.

We were all greatly excited over Fräulein Fichtner's playing, and it seemed very jolly to be behind the scenes, as it were, and to have one of our own number performing. We applauded tremendously when she came out. She was not nervous in the least, but began with great *aplomb*, and played most beautifully. The concerto made a generally dazzling and difficult impression upon me, but did not "take hold" of me particularly. I do not know how Liszt was pleased with her rendering of it, for I had no opportunity of asking him. She also played his Fourteenth Rhapsody, with orchestral accompaniment, in most bold and dashing style. Fräulein Fichtner is more in the bravura than in the sentimental line, and has a certain breadth, grasp, and freshness. The last piece on the programme was Liszt's Choral Symphony, which was magnificent. The chorus came at the end of it, as in the Ninth Symphony. Mrs. S. said she was familiar with it from having heard Thomas's orchestra play it in New York. That orchestra, by the way, from what I hear, seems to have developed into something remarkable. It is a great thing for the musical education of the country to have such an organization travelling every winter. And what a revelation is an orchestra the first time one hears it, even if it be but a poor one!—Music come bodily down from heaven! And there, in their musical darkness, the Americans in the provinces are having an orchestra of the very highest excellence burst upon them in full splendour. What *could* be more American? They always have the best or none!

At nine o'clock in the evening the concert was over, and we all returned to the hotel for supper. We were desperately hungry after so much music and enthusiasm. Everybody wanted to be helped at once, and the waiters were nearly distracted. Count S. sat next me and was very funny. He kept rapping the table like mad, but without any success. Finally he exclaimed, "*Jetzt geh' ich auf Jagd*" (Now I'm going hunting)! and sprang up from his chair, rushed to the other end of the dining-room, possessed himself of some dishes the waiters were helping, and returned in triumph. I couldn't help laughing, and he made a great many jokes at the expense of the waiters and everybody else. I could not hear any of Liszt's conversation, which I regretted, but he seemed in a quiet mood. I do not think he is the same when he is with aristocrats. He must be among *artists* to unsheathe his sword. When he is with "swells," he is all grace and polish. He seems only to toy with his genius for their amusement, and is never serious. At least this is as far as my observation of him goes on the few occasions I have seen him in the *beau monde*. The presence of the proud Countess von X. at Sondershausen kept him, as it were, at a distance from everybody else, and he was not overflowing with fun and gaiety as he was at Jena. She, of course, did not go with us to see Fräulein Fichtner, which was fortunate. After supper one and all went to bed early, quite tired out with the day's excitement.

This haughty Countess, by the way, has always had a great fascination for me, because she looks like a woman who "has a history." I have often seen her at Liszt's *matinées*, and, from what I hear of her, she is such a type of woman as I suppose only exists in Europe, and such as the heroines of foreign novels are modelled upon. She is a widow, and in appearance about thirty-six or -eight years old, of medium height, slight to thinness, but exceedingly graceful. She is always attired in black, and is utterly careless in dress, yet nothing can conceal her innate elegance of figure. Her face is pallid and her hair dark. She makes an impression of icy coldness and at the same time of tropical heat. The pride of Lucifer to the world in general—entire abandonment to the individual. I meet her often in the park, as she walks along trailing her "sable garments like the night," and surrounded by her four beautiful boys—as Count S. says, "each handsomer than the other." They have such romantic faces! Dark eyes and dark curling hair. The eldest is about fourteen and the youngest five.

The little one is too lovely, with his brown curls hanging on his shoulders! I never shall forget the supercilious manner in which the Countess took out her eye-glass and looked me over as I passed her one day in the park. Weimar being such a *kleines Nest* (little nest), as Liszt calls it, every stranger is immediately remarked. She waited till I got close up, then deliberately put up this glass and scrutinized me from head to foot, then let it fall with a half-disdainful, half-indifferent air, as if the scrutiny did not reward the trouble. I was so amused. Her arrogance piques all Weimar, and they never cease talking about her. I can never help wishing to see her in a fashionable toilet. If she is so *distinguée* in rather less than ordinary dress, what *would* she be in a Parisian costume? I mean as to grace, for she is not pretty. But as a psychological study she is more interesting, perhaps, as she is. She always seems to me to be gradually going to wreck—a burnt-out volcano, with her own ashes settling down upon her and covering her up. She is very highly educated, and is preparing her eldest son for the university herself. What a subject she would have been for Balzac!

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

ANY MAN TO HIS BLACK AND TAN.

I have a dainty playmate, dear
As is none other to me here
Of my own clan;
A brass-girt collar decks his throat,
And shines like silk his glossy coat
Of black and tan.

Companion of my lonely walks,
He trots beside me oft, and talks
As best he can;
Then, wild with sudden glee, will rush
And bark defiance at a thrush.
Hie! black and tan!

Across his puzzled brain there throng
Confused ideas of right and wrong;
He has no plan
Of conduct for his daily guide,
The god he worships dwells inside
His black and tan.

But should the world from me forbear,
And with unseasonable stare
Some weakness scan,
One faithful heart, I know, would ache,
Were I with life for aye to break.
Ah! black and tan!

You're very human, little friend,
I wonder if perchance you end
Where I began?
Maybe I used to prank and bark,
And my complexion (save the mark!)
Was black and tan.

Maybe, we're not so far apart;
Where is the point from which I start
To be a man?
Come, shake a paw, and let us think
If we can find the missing link,
My black and tan!

[From "The Model, and other Poems," by COTSFORD DICK.]

Occasional Notes.

We are pleased to state that with our next number we shall be enabled to publish as a Musical Supplement, a Romance for Pianoforte, by Mr. John Francis Barnett, being a

kind of pendant to the Nocturne in the same key and by the same composer, which forms one of the most popular features of M. de Pachmann's *repertoire*.

In answer to several requests, we have determined to postpone the latest date at which competitions for the Prize Song may be sent in till May 22 (Wagner's birthday). A lady (young and prepossessing, we assume) implores us with great fervour, "not to hurry her in the composition of a song" which she, and we, hope will be a masterpiece. The names of the judges will be published in our issue of May 15.

Liszt left town on Tuesday, after having attended a concert given by the Countess Sadowska on the previous afternoon. That he was pleased with his visit was sufficiently proved by the fact that he prolonged it. What he thought in his innermost heart of our musical doings, and of the way we showed our enthusiasm, will perhaps be known one day, when his memoirs are published. As we previously remarked, the ovations of which he was the object differed *in toto* from those usually vouchsafed to musicians. When Wagner was over here he was fêted and cheered by his admirers, but his triumphs began and ended in the concert hall. Yet Wagner, as Liszt would be the first to acknowledge, was infinitely the greater and also the more famous composer of the two. What he did not possess was the imposing presence and that kind of personal electricity which Liszt has always exercised over those who come in contact with him.

Our stray arrows aimed at the encore nuisance have done unexpected execution in many places, witness the angry comment which the subject has called forth. A writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, who takes up the cudgels for Herr Joachim, declares that "these criticisms proceed from the same feeling of musical prudery which a few years ago made the same gentlemen protest so loudly if a quartet movement was played by all the strings of an orchestra, and the like." On the other hand, the *Daily Telegraph* and other journals have very properly reprovved Herr Joachim for indulging an unintelligent minority in their desire for another piece at the last Philharmonic concert. The difficult position in which that great artist is placed towards his over-zealous admirers we frankly acknowledge. He yields reluctantly, but he yields; and we contend that his position enables him, and in a manner obliges him, to break through what is on all hands acknowledged to be an abuse.

In connection with this subject an ingenious correspondent writes: "A distinct fate seems to hover over all who either encourage or weakly tolerate the encore nuisance. This theory received what seemed to be a remarkable confirmation in the experience of Herr Joachim at the last Monday Popular Concert, when, in spite of an evident reluctance, he at length allowed himself to be cajoled into repeating one of Brahms's Hungarian dances. Now, no living musician is better acquainted with this piece than Herr Joachim, who, in fact, himself arranged it for the violin. Nevertheless, it is an undeniable fact that in the course of his performance, he suddenly showed signs of mental disturbance, whether arising from the sharp prickings of his own conscience, or from forebodings as to what *The Musical World* would say of him, it is impossible to guess. Anyhow, for the moment even his memory failed him, and he was obliged to go to the piano to consult the music."

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE SUMMER SERIES OF NINE
RICHTER CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAY, MAY 3, 1886.	MONDAY, MAY 31, 1886.
MONDAY, MAY 10, "	MONDAY, JUNE 7, "
MONDAY, MAY 17, "	THURSDAY, JUNE 10, "
MONDAY, MAY 24, "	MONDAY, JUNE 21, "
MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1886.	

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE NINE CONCERTS:

Sofa Stalls, £5. Stalls or Balcony Stalls, £3 10 0

SINGLE TICKETS:

Sofa Stalls, 15/- Stalls or Balcony Stalls, 10/6. Balcony (Unreserved), 5/-.
Area or Gallery, 2/5.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SEÑOR SARASATE'S
SECOND GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1886.

AT THREE O'CLOCK.

PROGRAMME:—Mozart's Symphony, in G minor; Mackenzie's Violin Concerto; Solos, Violin, (a) "Sérénade Melancholique" (Tchaikowsky) (b) "Rondo Capriccioso (Saint-Saëns); Glinka's Fantasia, "Komarinskaja"; Solos, Violin, (a) "Ballade" (b) "Jota Aragonesa" (Sarasate); and Weber's Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits." Full Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cousins.

Sofa Stalls, 10/6. Reserved Area, 5/-. Balcony, 3/-
Area, 2/- Gallery, 1/-

Tickets for any of the above Concerts may be obtained of—
Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.;
Messrs. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co., 84, New Bond Street;
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Mr. OLLIVIER, 38, Old Bond Street;
Messrs. LACON & OLLIER, 168, New Bond Street, W.;
Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.;
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Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE & Co., 41, Cheapside, E.C.; at the Grand Hotel; and at
the Langham Hotel;
Mr. ALFRED HAYS, 26, Old Bond Street, and 5, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.
Mr. M. BARR, 80, Queen Victoria Street, opposite Mansion House Station
Mr. AUSTIN's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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MR. JOHN L. CHILD.

MR. JOHN L. CHILD (late of Mr. Irving's Lyceum Company) has the honour to announce that his Annual Series of Four Dramatic and Miscellaneous Recitals, will take place on Wednesday Mornings, MAY 5 and JUNE 2, and Saturday Evenings, MAY 22 and JUNE 19. Full particulars will be duly announced.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Proprietors of *The Musical World* offer a
PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

for the best Song, to English words, and by a composer resident in England. MSS. should be sent in on or before May 22, 1886, and should bear a motto or *nom de plume* identical with one on a sealed envelope, containing the name and address of the writer. Only the letter of the successful competitor will be opened. The judges will be three musicians of reputation whose names will be announced in due course. The song selected will be published as a supplement to *The Musical World*. For full particulars see *The Musical World* of Feb. 6.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisements should be sent not later than 5 o'clock on Wednesdays, to the Office, at Messrs. MALLETT & Co.'s, 68 & 70 Wardour Street, London, W. Telephone No. 3849. Telegraphic address: "ASMAL," London.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The Subscription to *THE MUSICAL WORLD* is now reduced to 17s. 6d. per annum (payable in advance).

NOTICE.

With our Next Number will be issued a
ROMANCE IN A FLAT,

Specially written for *The Musical World*,

By MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1886.

OPERA IN GERMANY.

WE have on many occasions commented upon the burning question of opera or non-opera in England; and have more recently supplied a *pendant* scarcely more bright, showing the low state to which the great national institution in Paris has sunk. To add a new touch to the picture, we propose to say something of opera in Germany, taking for the text of our sermon the official synopsis recently published of the performances given during 1885, at the chief state-supported theatres in that country. There are four opera-houses which derive their support direct from the Imperial treasury, the largest and most important of which is that of Berlin. When we say most important, we are speaking of resources and of size, not by any means of artistic spirit. In that respect Berlin and the Berlin opera in particular are far behind many of the smaller cities and towns of the Fatherland. The enormous dimensions, it may be added in parenthesis, to which modern capitals have extended, is by no means conducive to a healthy development of artistic life. Berlin, Paris, and London

have not one but half-a-dozen different publics with different tastes, all of which have to be considered, to say nothing of the passing tourist who very often has no taste at all, but merely wants to gape and wonder. In such circumstances the intimacy which arises between a company of artists and their stationary public, and which controls as well as it encourages, becomes impossible. But to return to our statistics. In the year 1885, three operas were produced at Berlin: Nessler's *Trompeter von Säckingen*, Wagner's *Siegfried*, and the adaptation of a French opera by Poise, known in Germany as *Toni's Schatz*; at Hanover three novelties: *Hero*, by Herr Frank, the chief conductor of that ilk, and Wagner's *Rheingold* and *Walküre*; at Cassel two: *Trompeter von Säckingen*, and Rheinthal's *Käthchen von Heilbronn*; at Wiesbaden two: the inevitable *Trompeter*, and Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*. In Berlin altogether 228 operatic performances were given, comprising 56 different works by 27 composers. With regard to number of performances, Nessler heads the list with the *Trompeter*, which was given 42 times. Next comes Wagner with 40½ performances of eight different works, the two-thirds being represented by the first and third acts of the *Walküre*. Mozart supplied 17 performances, Donizetti 15, Weber 14, Bizet 13, Meyerbeer 10, Gluck 5, and Spohr 2. In Hanover Wagner was *facile princeps*, with 23 performances of 6 works, being followed by Mozart with 17. Cassel evidently affects lighter strains, Nessler showing the respectable figure of 20 performances, while Wagner can boast of only 11. At Wiesbaden these figures are nearly reversed, Wagner having been given on 16 evenings and Nessler on 8.

It is the continual juxtaposition of these two names which throws so curious a sidelight on contemporary musical taste in Germany. We all know what Wagner is, and the few of us who heard the English version of the *Pied Piper of Hamelin* (from the visitation of the *Trompeter* the propitious gods have so far preserved us), know that Nessler is an arrant mediocrity. One asks how can a nation which has produced and appreciates the greatest dramatic genius of all ages, tolerate and even admire its antipodes in the shape of Nessler? The reason is partly a psychological one. Listening to Wagner implies a mental and sentimental strain which few people can support permanently. A reaction became inevitable, and like many reactions in politics or religion, it has led to strange compromises and coalitions. Nessler being a shrewd man, and in his way a clever musician, took this receding tide at the ebb and floated on it to a comfortable share of fortune. Prudently giving Wagner a wide berth, he fell back upon the the Sing-spiel of Lortzing, whose *Czar and Zimmermann* is a masterpiece of its kind. Nessler does not produce masterpieces, but he writes catching tunes to popular subjects, and is popular in consequence. He is even likely to live in history. For in the 22nd century people will say, "Once upon a time the works of Wagner had to contend for a position on the national stage of his country with a composer of whom we know nothing, but whose name has been preserved by that curious fact, even as an insect may be seen enshrined in a piece of bright, beautiful amber."

Correspondence.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—Owing to the complaints which are heard on every side of the inadequate recognition accorded to native talent in Grove's Dictionary of Music, I have undertaken to compile a Biographical Lexicon, from which, though the claims of English artists will naturally receive the greatest attention, foreign musicians of merit will not be excluded. All professors of the banjo, topical vocalists, lions comiques, double voiced wonders, &c., are, in consequence, requested to furnish me at the earliest date with full information as to their lives and life-work. In proof of the strict impartiality and rigorous accuracy with which this work will be carried out, I beg to lay before your readers the following specimen notices:—

DVORAK (pronounce Borjak).—A young Bohemian, whose music, absolutely unknown on the continent, has been allowed to shew signs of decided promise by the British public. He has written a Processional Hymn, and an opera, recently produced at Birmingham, called *The Inspector's Bride*.

GOUNOD, CHARLIE.—A French composer, who owed his musical training entirely to the generosity of a gifted English lady. His chief works are the opera of *Faust* (now being played at the Lyceum), *Vis et Morta*, "There is a green hill far away," "Thou'rt passing hence, my brother," and the funeral march of "Marie Antoinette."

BRAHMS.—A denationalized Englishman, nephew of the great singer Braham, who has taken up his residence on the Continent. He has written a great deal of dry and saw-dusty music; the only melody which appears in his compositions,—that of the slow movement of his third symphony—being, as the musical critic of the *Spasmodic Review* pointed out, a gross plagiarism from the overture to *Zampa*.

BINDELLS, TARLEY.—This remarkable man, one of the most gifted musicians of this or any age, was born in the year 1856, at Ehren-on-the-Rhine. The family of Bindells, who came over with the Conqueror, have evinced an hereditary predisposition for music. At the early age of fifteen, young Bindells was placed under the care of the well-known teacher, Constantine Dudelsack, with the results that are so happily known to all music-lovers of this generation. His voice, a baritone, supplemented with a poignant falsetto, which he uses with extraordinary effect, must unhesitatingly be pronounced the finest in the world. His use of the slur, the scoop and—in classical music—of the jödel, may safely be declared incomparable, as well as his unique faculty for disguising a familiar air by unexpectedly deviating into an unknown key. As a composer, his productivity has been amazing. Since the year 1878, he has written no less than 250 songs, the titles of which are—. I regret that the demands upon your space will probably not permit you to give the list which follows. It will, however, be sent to all desirous of possessing it, on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.—Your obedient servant,

TARLEY BINDELLS, M.A.

THE ACTION OF THE THIRD FINGER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—Can you give an impatient but industrious student of the piano any hints for rendering the stiff fingers strong and flexible? Practice? But are there not some other helpful ways of treating or manipulating the fingers?—Yours respectfully,

THIRD FINGER.

[Schumann thought he had hit upon such a "helpful way" when he suspended his third finger in a piece of string attached to the ceiling

while he practised with the others. This he thought would secure suppleness of the joint and independent action. The result was that he lamed his hand, and had to abandon his career as a virtuoso, and take to composition instead. If our correspondent "Third Finger," is certain that in case his action is disabled he can produce the *Carnaval*, *Paradise* and the *Peri*, and similar trifles, let him by all means try Schumann's experiment.—ED. M. W.]

THE ENCORE NUISANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—“Another Musical Lawyer” ought to know that any letter can be turned into a legal document by the recipient having a sixpenny agreement-stamp affixed to it, and if a letter, why not a concert-ticket?—Your obedient servant, Q.C.

A DESIDERATUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—May I be permitted to suggest the desirability of an early compilation and issue to the public of a book containing the titles and words only (subject to permission being obtained) of all published songs, with the names of authors, composers, and publishers appended thereto, properly classified, in accordance with the character of each song, and combining comprehensive indexes of songs, arranged alphabetically—authors and composers—the titles (also alphabetically arranged) being inserted under each name of the two latter, so that at a glance might be seen the number of songs, with their titles, written by each author; and similarly with regard to compositions by each composer. Glee, madrigals, ballads, &c., might likewise be dealt with in the same manner. Like certain other publications of a similar nature, the book would, if published, need periodical revision with the view of including all recent additions. I am prompted to make this suggestion because it occurs to me that the issue of such a work at a moderate figure, so as to bring it within the reach of all classes of the musically inclined, would materially benefit compiler, publishers, authors, composers, and the general public. Many singers, and those contemplating becoming singers (I allude more particularly to the amateur class) are frequently guided in their selection as much by the words as the music, and with a book of this description available for reference (if not actually possessed) at the libraries, they would have a more varied number of songs to choose from, resulting probably in additional purchases. It would besides be an invaluable reference to members of all audiences desirous of closely following, by a perusal of the words, the songs given in the programmes (*i.e.* in cases where the words are not inserted therein). A brief biographical sketch (wherever obtainable) of the authors and composers, given at foot of their principal production, would likewise lend an attraction to the book and prove an instructive and interesting guide, which would doubtless tend to promote a broader knowledge of musical history amongst lovers of music. Perhaps music publishers may consider whether the idea is worth a trial? Of course, if put into operation, it would be optional to issue the work in parts, as for instance:—

- Part I. Glee, Madrigals, &c.
- „ II. Ballads, &c.
- „ III. Duets.
- „ IV. Songs, Sacred.
- „ V. do. Secular.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WHATELY W. INGALL.

205, High Street, Lewisham,
April 20, 1886.

“Musical World” Stories.

A WILD PIGEON CHASE.

(Continued from page 250.)

“What an idea!”

“As I did not want the same ill-luck next day, I drew my charge, and washed my gun. You can’t imagine, sir, how dirty it was. The fact is, I had fired at least fifty shots during the day,

and if shot were seed there would have been a fine crop of it from Marseilles to St. Cyr. Having taken this precaution, I put the barrel in the chimney corner to dry during the night. I had supper, went to bed and slept like a top till five in the morning. At five my landlord woke me. As I reckoned upon returning to Marseilles by the same way that I had come, I had taken care overnight to stock my game bag with the remnants of my supper. They were mine by right, for I had paid for them. So I slung my game bag on my back; went downstairs, replaced the barrel in my gun, and pulled out my powder flask to load it. My powder flask was empty! Luckily my landlord had ammunition. Between sportsmen, sir, you know powder and shot may be offered and accepted. My landlord offered his powder and I accepted it. I took my gun, shot off a cap, and then loaded it. I ought to have seen from the graining of this abominable powder, that there was something amiss. But I never noticed. We set out, my host, myself and Solomon. His dog’s name was Solomon.”

“What is the name of your dog, M. Janin?”

“His name is Milord,” said Janin.

“It is a nice name,” continued M. Louet, bowing, “but my host’s dog was not called Milord, he was called Solomon.”

“It was a first rate dog all the same, for we had hardly got into the brushwood when he pointed as firm as a rock.

“There is your chastre,” said my landlord.

“And true enough, I went forward, looked in front of his nose, and saw my chastre, sir, three paces off. I took aim.

“What on earth are you going to do?” cried my landlord. “Why, you will blow it to pieces. It is sheer murder—not to mention that you will most likely shoot my dog.”

“You are right,” I replied; and I stepped back ten paces—a splendid aiming distance. Solomon was rooted to the ground; he might have been Cephalus’s dog. Cephalus’s dog was turned to stone, as you are no doubt aware, sir.

“No, I was not,” I answered smiling.

“Yes, the poor animal had that misfortune!”

“Poor thing!” said Méry.

“Solomon’s pointing was a prodigy; he would have been still at it, sir, if his master had not called out, ‘At him! at him!’ At these words he sprang forward, and the chastre rose. I covered it, sir, as never chastre was covered before; I had him at the muzzle of my gun. Bang! off went the gun. Spoiled powder, sir, spoiled powder! nothing happened.

“Well, neighbour,” said my landlord, “if you never do him more harm than that, he may well lead you as far as Rome.”

“To Rome!” I cried; “if I had to follow him as far as Rome, I should still follow him. I have always wished to see Rome, I have always wished to see the Pope... Who shall prevent my seeing the Pope?... Will you?... ”

“I was furious, you see. If he had made the slightest rejoinder, I believe I should have lodged my second charge in his body; but instead of that—

“Oh!” he said, “you are quite at liberty to go where you please. A pleasant journey to you! Would you like me to lend you my dog? You can give it back to me when you return.”

“I would not refuse such an offer—a dog, you know, who pointed so steadily as that.

“Why, yes,” I said, “I shall be very glad.”

“Then call him.” “Solomon, Solomon! follow the gentleman!”

“Everybody knows that a sporting dog will follow a sportsman: so Solomon followed me, and we set out. The animal was instinct personified. Only fancy. He had seen the chastre settle, and made straight for it.”

“But look as I might before my nose, I could see nothing. This time, even at the risk of blowing it to atoms, I would have given it no lead. But not at all, while I was stooping down to look for it my confounded chastre flew away. I fired both barrels after him, sir, bang—bang. The powder was bad, sir, the powder was bad. Solomon looked at me with an expression that seemed to say, ‘what is the meaning of that?’ The dog’s look was a humiliation. I answered as if he could understand me, ‘It is nothing, nothing, you shall see.’

“Well, sir, it really seemed as if he understood me. He started again, did this pointer. In about ten minutes more he

pointed. He stood like a rock, a regular rock! It was still my chastre. I went in front of my dog's nose, stepping delicately, as if I were walking on hot iron. Between my legs, sir, literally between my legs, flew that chastre. I had not enough self-possession. I fired the first shot too near and the second too far off. My first shot was too solid, and passed close by the chastre, my second scattered too much, and the chastre passed right through it. It was then that a thing happened which I ought hardly to relate if I were not so great a lover of truth. This dog, which was, indeed, brimming with intelligence, this animal looked at me for a moment with a very saucy air. Then he came close to me as I was loading my gun; he came up to me, sniffed, turned up his nose, and betook himself to the road by which he had come. You see, gentlemen, if a man had so insulted me, he should have had my life, or I his. But what could one say to an animal that God has not endowed with reason?"

"Sir," said Janin, "I beg you to believe that Milord would never be guilty of such an irregularity."

"I do believe it, sir," said M. Louet; "but Solomon was guilty of it, sir, he did commit this irregularity as you so aptly term it. I had not hit upon the word. This, you will understand, served only to increase my fury. I vowed that when I had killed my chastre I would flourish it under his nose. Thenceforth, you understand, the road back to Marseilles was quite forgotten. From stage to stage I came sir—where do you think I came to sir?"

"I came to Hyères. I had never seen Hyères: I knew it by its orange trees."

"I adore oranges, and I resolved to eat them at my ease. Moreover I needed cooling, for a race like that, you see, makes one warm. I was fourteen leagues away from Marseilles; that was two good days' journey back. But I had long wished to visit Hyères and eat oranges from the trees. So I sent the chastre to the devil, sir; for I began to believe the wretched fowl must be enchanted. I had seen it fly over the town walls and settle in a garden. And without a dog, it was, as they say, like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. So with a sigh, I entered an hotel. I ordered supper, and asked leave while it was being got ready to go and eat some oranges in the garden—on the understanding that they should be included in the bill—for of course I didn't expect to get them for nothing. My request was granted."

"I was less tired than I had been on the previous evening, which shows, sir, that walking is a matter of habit. So I went down at once into the garden. It was October, the real orange season. Fancy two hundred orange trees spreading before you, the garden of the Hesperides, minus the dragon. I had only to stretch out my hand for oranges bigger than my head. I bit into the heart of one, just as a Norman bites an apple, when suddenly I heard a sound, pi, pi, pi, pi-i-i-i, pi!"

"That is the chastre's cry. It is almost like listening to it!" said Méry, taking another cigar from the plate.

"I crouched down, sir. I fixed my eyes on the rays that fell from the Great Bear; and between me, and the Great Bear, on the top of a laurel bush, I saw my chastre, perching sir, perching fifteen paces off. I stretched out my hand for my gun. The wretched gun, it was in the kitchen, in the chimney-corner. I could see it from where I stood, the good-for-nothing! I took aim at the chastre with my fingers, and I thought, 'You rascal, you are lucky. Sing! sing away! If I only had my gun, I'd make you sing.'

"But why didn't you go and fetch it?" I enquired.

"Yes, and let him get away in the meanwhile, fly off to unknown regions. No, no, I had formed a better plan than that. I said—now follow my reasons carefully."

"I have ordered supper; sooner or later it will be ready. Then the innkeeper will come and fetch me. He knows I am in the garden, and I shall say, 'my friend, have the kindness to go and bring my gun.' Do you see?"

"There now!" said Méry, "that was well thought out."

"I remained crouching, with my eyes on my chastre. He was singing, pluming himself and performing his toilet. Suddenly I heard steps behind me. I made a sign with my hand enjoining silence."

"I beg your pardon, I am in the way," said the innkeeper.

"No, no," I answered, "just come here!"

"He came up."

"Look there, do you see, over there?"

"Well, that's a chastre," he said.

"Hush! go and get my gun."

"What for?"

"Go and fetch my gun."

"Do you want to kill the bird?"

"He is my personal enemy!"

"Oh, that's impossible!"

"What do you mean, impossible?"

"No, no, it is too late."

"Why is it too late?"

"There's a fine of three shillings and two days imprisonment for anyone who lets off a gun within the town after the angelus."

"I will go to prison, and pay the three shillings fine. Go and fetch my gun."

"What! to be had up as an accomplice? Not I. It will be daylight to-morrow."

"But to-morrow, wretched man!" I cried, louder than prudence should have allowed me, "to-morrow I shall not find it."

"Well, well. You will find others."

"But I want that one! I want no others. You don't know that I have been pursuing him all the way from Marseilles, the rascal, that I want him dead or alive, to pluck him, eat him. Go and get me my gun."

"No, I have said no. I don't want to go to prison on your account."

"Then I shall go and fetch it myself."

"Do so. But I promise you you'll never see the precious chastre again."

"Would you actually drive it away?" I said, seizing him by the collar.

"Sh, sh, sh, sh."—went the innkeeper.

"I clapped my hand on his mouth."

"I won't, I won't," I cried. "Go and get me my gun, and I pledge you my word of honour I won't fire till the angelus to-morrow morning. My word of honour, the word of an upright man. There, are you satisfied? Go and get my gun. I shall pass the night here. To-morrow at the last stroke of the angelus, bang—I shall kill him."

"Bah. A sportsman's word. Let us do better than that."

"How better. . . . Oh, just look at him; he is insulting us! Come tell me, what shall we do?"

"Stay here, since it pleases you. Your supper shall be brought out to you. You shall want nothing. And after supper, if you wish to sleep, there's the grass."

"Sleep! Oh you little know me. I shall not close an eye all night, lest he should fly away while I am sleeping!"

"And to-morrow—"

"Yes, to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, on the stroke of the angelus, I will bring you your gun."

"Innkeeper, you are taking an unfair advantage of me!"

"Do as you please. You can refuse my offer."

"You won't go and fetch my gun? Eh! Once, twice, thrice—"

"No."

"Then, go and get me my supper, and make as little noise as possible in bringing it."

"Oh, there is no danger. As he hasn't gone off after the witches' Sabbath we've been making, he'll never go. Look, he is going to bed."

"Indeed, sir, the creature was putting its head under its wing. For as you are aware, sir, that is how almost all feathered creatures prepare for the night."

"Yes, I know that."

"He had his head under his wing. That is to say, he could not see me. So that, if instead of being fifteen paces high, he had been within reach, I might have walked up to him, sir, and taken hold of him as I do of this glass of punch. Unluckily, he was too high; so I sat down and waited for my port. He kept his promise, for I must acknowledge the man was honest. His wine was good; not so good as yours this evening, gentlemen, and the supper was to match. It could not be compared with ours, but ours has been Belshazzar's feast and his was only an innkeeper's."

We bowed our thanks!

"But man is a weak creature, sir. I had scarcely finished supper when I felt sleep coming on. My eyes closed in spite of myself. I opened them again, rubbed them, pinched my legs, bit my little finger. It was no use, sir, I was quite stupefied. I might just as well sleep, and I fell asleep.

"I dreamed that the tree with my chastre on it was sinking into the ground, like the trees in the theatre at Marseilles. The stage machinery there is perfect. A few days ago they gave a performance of 'The Monster.' Mr. Aniel of the Porte St. Martin, played the Monster. You must have known M. Aniel."

I signified that I had had that honour.

"I had something to say to him. The instant the curtain fell, I rushed on to the stage. I forgot, sir, to be wary of the trap by which he had gone down. Bang! Down I went through the same trap. I expected to be smashed to atoms. Luckily, the mattress was still there. The man was just coming to take it away. He saw me with my limbs sprawling in the air.

"Are you coming after M. Aniel?" he enquired. "He has just been this way, and must be in his box by now."

"Thanks, my man," said I.

"I went up to his box, and there he was. This is just to show you what splendid appliances they have at Marseilles.

"I dreamt then that the tree, chastre and all, was sinking into the ground, so that I could catch the wretched fowl in my hand. The fancy so affected me that I awoke.

"The bird had not moved.

"This time I slept no more. I heard two, three, four o'clock, strike.

"Day broke. The chastre woke up. I was on thorns. At last I heard the first strokes of the angelus. I could scarcely breathe, sir.

"My host kept his word. When half the angelus had struck, he made his appearance with my gun. I stretched out my hand, never taking my eyes off my bird, and signing to the innkeeper to make haste.

"At the very moment, sir, when he was handing me my gun, the chastre gave a little chirrup and flew away. I scrambled up the wall; I got upon it. I would have climbed the clock tower of Accoules. He settled again in a field of hemp. The creature had not breakfasted, sir, and nature spoke to it.

"I jumped down on the other side of the wall, throwing a coin to the landlord in payment for his supper, and I set out at a run towards the hemp field. I was so absorbed in my chase that I never noticed the rural policeman, who was following me. So that when I had reached the middle of the field and was about to start the chastre, I felt a hand seize me by the collar. I turned round. It was the rural policeman.

"In the name of the law I summon you to follow me to the mayor."

"At that instant off went the chastre.

"If a whole regiment of grenadiers had hemmed me in I should have charged through them in pursuit of my chastre. I knocked over the policeman like a ninepin, and fled from that inhospitable country.

"As good luck would have it, the bird had taken a long flight. So that I found myself a long way off from my antagonist. When I reached the place where it had settled, I was so out of breath from running, sir, that I never could have covered him steadily with my gun.

"But, said I, 'better late than never, and again I set out in his pursuit.

"I walked, sir, all that day. This time I had nothing in my game-bag. I ate the wild fruit, I drank at the running streams. Perspiration streamed from my forehead, I was growing hideous to behold.

"I reached the banks of a waterless river. . . ."

"It was the Var," said Méry.

"Exactly sir, it was the Var. I crossed it, never thinking that I trod a foreign soil. But no matter. I saw my chastre hopping along a couple of hundred paces ahead, on ground where there was not a tuft for it to hide in.

"It was within this short distance, sir, when suddenly a hawk, a rascally hawk which was circling about my head, swooped like a stone, seized my chastre, and was gone.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE THÉODORE RITTER.

(From *Le Ménestral*.)

When the news spread in Paris, last Tuesday, that poor Ritter had died suddenly the night before from the rupture of an aneurism, no one would believe it. People were so accustomed, at all hours of the day, to come across this good man and excellent comrade, with his genial, frank countenance, his amiable smile and hearty greetings, that it was almost impossible to realize that he was no more. I met him a few days before, when after exchanging a few rapid words, he left me with a shake of the hand, saying, "Come, one of these evenings, to the Press Club; it is amusing just now, and there is some good music. Come, and we will have some fun."

Alas! poor friend; I am in no mood for fun now.

Ritter had attained his forty-fifth year on the very day when death surprised him—the 5th of April, 1886. He was born at Nantes—not near Paris as was stated some days ago—on the 5th of April, 1841. He was one of those rare French pianists, whom the Conservatoire could never have turned out. His musical education, solid and serious, was chiefly obtained in Germany, where he finished his studies under Liszt, who christened him by the name of Ritter, though his real name was Bennet. Nevertheless, although he played classical music with pleasure, and his performances in this line were applauded, his talent was not essentially classical. He had too much independence and individuality for that. None the less was he a distinguished artist, a refined and graceful virtuoso, who had made a name, and who long ago—ever since his childhood—had learnt how to gain the ear of the public. Entirely free from the tricks and charlatanry with which some try to hide the absence of real talent, he exercised a remarkable influence over the public, and the sight of his name upon a placard never failed to draw. The successes he made on many occasions at M. Padeloup's concerts will be well remembered. He was an eccentric, but an eccentric full of charm and elegance; of an artistic nature, thoroughly French, which nevertheless, by no means interfered with his popularity abroad.

By the side of the virtuoso—or perhaps a little below him—was the composer. Here also he was not without meritorious qualities; he had above all a knowledge of effect, and many will call to mind the triumphs he achieved when executing his *bravura* pieces, such as the serenade entitled *Habanera*, or his famous galop the *Couriers*, or again, *La Zamacueca* and *La Chanson des Mouches*. His ambitions in this respect, however, aimed higher. It is ten years since M. Gailhard, now Director of the Opéra, sang at the Châtelet Concerts a grand lyrical scena of his with orchestra, *Le Paradis Perdu*, and Ritter also wrote another, entitled *Mephistopheles*. He even attempted the theatre on two occasions, but without great success; the first time at the Opéra Comique with a short one-act piece called *Marianne*; the second time in Italy, with a more important work, *La Dea risorta*.

But Ritter's real title to popularity came from his power of execution, supple, free, and delicate, which long since obtained for him the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. If his musical education had not been obtained at the Conservatoire, he was not on that account slighted by the institution; for on more than one occasion he was invited to act on the jury for prize competitions, when his judgment was always found to be eminently sound and sensible.

Our poor friend has died before his time. But he has lived to know the bright side of an artist's life, and has tasted all its successes; and to his praise be it said, that while he cherished his art, he also stood in awe of it.

ARTHUR POUGIN.

Concerts.

POPULAR CONCERTS.

The final concert of the season always attracts an exceptionally large audience, but last Saturday's was almost without parallel in this respect. It was not to be wondered at, for apart from the association of all the greatest artists an opportunity was given for hearing Madame Schumann and one of the most remarkable of her pupils almost in juxtaposition. Miss Fanny Davies did not indeed play any solo, but in conjunction with Herr Joachim her rendering of Mozart's sonata in G major shewed how thoroughly she had assimilated the artistic principles that have made Madame Schumann what she is. It is curious that the only compositions by Schumann which his widow has interpreted during her present visit, have been, with the exception of the "Carnaval," selected from the works written originally for the pedal-piano. How she plays the studies in D flat, A flat, and B minor, the two last of which, now called "Canons," constituted her solo on Saturday afternoon, is so well known that no detailed criticism is necessary. The skill with which she has arranged the pedal part in order to make it feasible on the ordinary instrument, is worthy of the closest attention. This time she was also heard in concerted music, and the interpretation of Beethoven's E flat Trio, Op. 70, No. 2, given by her together with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it. The violinist gave, in conjunction with his excellent pupil, Miss Emily Shinner, a delightful performance of Spohr's Minuet with variations for two violins. Mr. Lloyd was the vocalist.

That one of the beautiful sextets of Brahms, at one time only admitted to the programmes of the Popular Concerts under protest together with other compositions by the same hand, should have been promoted to the honoured position of the first number in the programme of the last concert of the season—a place hitherto generally occupied by Beethoven's Septet, or some such accepted classic—is a most satisfactory proof of the advancing catholicity of musical taste in England. It was not quite so satisfactory, however, to notice that the name of Beethoven was altogether absent from that programme. Schumann's "Stücke im Volkston," and three of the most familiar of Brahms's Hungarian Dances, were chosen respectively by Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti for their soli. Madame Schumann was announced to play two pieces by Chopin, one of which, the Waltz in A flat, she has, so to speak, made her own, but she substituted for these three of the most familiar of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and proved that in the hands of an inspired artist, even the most hackneyed works can become deeply interesting. Her husband's great quintet, Op. 44, in which she took part, was played as it can only be played when she is at the piano. Miss Liza Lehmann, sang two of the songs in which she had made the greatest effect on former occasions, Pergolesi's "Tre giorni son che Nina," and "La charmante Marguerite," an old French song of very great charm.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the Crystal Palace Concert last Saturday, Liszt was again the hero of the day, the afternoon being devoted to the repetition of his legend of *Saint Elizabeth*. As on the previous Saturday, the hall was filled to overflowing, and the reception accorded to the illustrious musician was every whit as enthusiastic as before, cheer after cheer ringing forth from the vast audience as he entered the room, and loud and protracted applause leading to his appearance on the platform at the close of both the first and second parts of the oratorio. The conditions under which the work was listened to were almost identical with those which marked its recent presentation at St. James's Hall, the solo parts being filled by the same artists, the choruses sung by the same choir, and the performance directed by the same conductor. The interpretation of *St. Elizabeth* on Saturday was worthy of the occasion and compared favourably with previous achievements. The soprano music given to the heroine was again sung throughout by Madame Albani with great purity and sympathetic feeling, her delivery of the expostulatory air, "Would'st drive me like a beggar forth," as well as of the beautiful

prayer and the important death scene, being triumphs of finished and expressive vocalization. The mezzo-soprano soli allotted to the stony-hearted Landgravine Sophie were declaimed with all the requisite dramatic power by Mdle. Pauline Cramer, a worthy exponent of Ludwig being found in Mr. Santley. The remaining soloists were Mr. Frederick King, Mr. W. L. Whitney, and Mr. Vaughan Edwardes. The choralists were well balanced and sang with commendable certainty and steadiness, and apart from a slip in the hunting song, when the horn gave forth a very uncertain sound, the orchestral accompaniments were admirably played from first to last. After Liszt had made his final bow, Mr. A. C. Mackenzie was re-called before the audience. Earlier in the day the representatives of the London Branch of the United Richard Wagner Society presented the Abbé with an illuminated valedictory address, the receipt of which he acknowledged in suitable terms. The performance of *St. Elizabeth* brought the thirtieth series of Saturday afternoon concerts to a close, but the usual supplementary concert for the benefit of Mr. August Manns will be given on Saturday, the 8th prox.

SEÑOR SARASATE'S CONCERT.

A numerous but not crowded audience attended Señor Sarasate's first concert at St. James's Hall last Monday. The violinist, who undertook the arduous task of playing on the same afternoon Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's Concerti, acquitted himself in both in a manner which fairly roused the audience to enthusiasm. His tone is as pure and seductive as of old; his faultless technique and command over the resources of expression were amply displayed in the two performances, which, from beginning to end, were characterized by unflagging spirit and intelligence of a high order. Besides the two Concerti, Señor Sarasate gave a violin solo of his own, and considering the great length of the programme, it may be hoped that our correspondent, the Musical Q.C., was called away by professional duties in time to prevent his feelings being harrowed by the spectacle of the Spanish virtuoso playing, in response to an encore, yet another piece of his own composition, bristling with difficulties, this time with pianoforte accompaniment. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Cousins, gave fine performances of Beethoven's overture, "Die Weihe des Hauses"; Liszt's Rhapsody No. 1 in F; and Schubert's overture to *Rosamunde*.

THE PASSION MUSIC AT ST. PAUL'S.

The annual performance of Bach's Passion according to St. Matthew is always one of the most interesting of musical services. It is difficult to point out any important feature wherein this year's rendering of the work differed from those given on many previous occasions, excepting perhaps that the full chorus was stronger and in every way better than before. The solo singers were as in former years scarcely equal to their parts, even though those parts were divided between two or three vocalists, as in the case of the Evangelist, or allotted, like many of the soprano airs, to several boys instead of one. The exigencies of the building excuse many makeshifts such as we have mentioned, for a single treble voice, unless it be of quite exceptional power, cannot possibly fill the vast cathedral, nor can any singer endure the sustained effort involved in the part of the Evangelist, unless he is relieved for a portion of the time. This part, we may say, was by far the most adequately filled of all; the principal bass part had been as on former occasions entrusted to a singer of very uncertain intonation, so that the exquisite beauty and solemnity of the music were not shewn to advantage. With the selection made from the music, all of which it would obviously be impossible to perform, we have no fault to find, except that it seems a pity to give always the same selection from the solo numbers, when the work is full of airs that, though quite as beautiful as those with which we are familiar, are never heard. Among these we may mention "Break and die," "With Jesus will I watch and pray," "Come, blessed cross," and "Give, O give me back my Lord." The singing of Dr. Stainer's arrangement of the *Miserere* was, if possible, more impressive than ever, but the organ voluntaries, which have always been a feature of special interest, were not particularly remarkable.

TWO PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

It has been remarked that during the first week of Liszt's stay amongst us the tide of pianoforte recitals which had previously risen to a great height, stopped all of a sudden. Whether there was what philosophers call a *nexus causalis* between these two phenomena it is not our business to decide. If so, the spell exercised by the king of pianists seems to have lost some of its force, for on Thursday and again on Friday night two of these intellectual though somewhat monotonous entertainments were given. It is true that both took place with the sanction, and under the immediate auspices, of the master whose presence, duly advertised beforehand, served at the same time to secure a full room in both instances. Of Mr. Frederic Lamond, who was the performer on Thursday, we have spoken at some length in connection with his first recital, given a few weeks ago. He is undoubtedly a pianist of a very high order, although more in promise as yet than in actual achievement. His technique is faultless, and the mechanical difficulties of his art no longer exist for him. What he lacks is the maturity of thought and the depth of feeling which, indeed, it would be vain to expect from a boy of eighteen. As on previous occasions Mr. Lamond was most successful in his interpretation of Brahms; but Beethoven's "Appassionata" also was a performance of which few of our modern pianists need have been ashamed. Liszt's "Harmonies du Soir" and "Feux Follets" were given with a delicacy of treatment which showed traces of that master's influence, and would alone have been sufficient to establish Mr. Lamond's title of "élève de Liszt," although Herr Max Schwartz, the director of the Raff Conservatoire at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in a letter recently addressed to us claims the exclusive training of the young Scotchman for that excellent institution.

In the case of Herr Stavenhagen, whose recital took place at the Princes' Hall on Friday night, no question as to the source of instruction could possibly arise. He came to this country as Liszt's travelling companion, and is at present undoubtedly the "favourite pupil." After the remarkable success he achieved in Liszt's E flat concerto on the 10th inst., a general wish was expressed to hear the young pianist in the works of other composers, so that a judgment of his versatility and comprehensiveness of taste might be possible. With that wish he did not choose to comply and, all things considered, he was right. Liszt being among the audience, that audience was naturally anxious to hear his music, and, moreover, his works for the pianoforte exhaust the resources of that instrument in every variety. There is, for example, a long distance between the "Huguenots fantasia," which is a show piece although a very beautiful one, and the fantastic legend "La Prédication aux Oiseaux," in which technical difficulties and effects are made strictly subservient to a poetic purpose. Again, the lightness and grace of the *étude* founded upon the finale of Paganini's concerto known as "Campanella," is in perfect contrast with the weighty accents of the fantasia and fugue on the name of Bach. As to Herr Stavenhagen's capability of dealing with these and other tasks of the highest order there can be no doubt. His brilliancy and physical endurance and unflinching accuracy he shares with many modern pianists, although here also his achievements are little short of phenomenal. But what raises him far above the ordinary virtuoso level are poetry of feeling and genuine passion. His touch is as airy and dreamlike as in other places it is powerful, and his phrasing gains the expressiveness almost of speech. Perhaps his highest effort was the transcription in A flat, of the beautiful music wedded to a sonnet of Petrarch—a piece which, to use Shelley's phrase, is steeped "in music and moonlight." We heard Liszt play this piece two years ago, and the indelible impression then received was vividly recalled to our mind on Friday night. Higher praise it would be difficult to award to Herr Stavenhagen, who, with the exception of Mr. d'Albert, is among the younger pianists the most likely to perpetuate the traditions of the great Liszt.—*The Times*.

GERMAN OPERA STATISTICS IN NEW YORK.

There were 130,300 people who attended the performances of the German Opera Company during the season just closed in New York, according to Manager Stanton, who certainly ought to know. As

there were 52 representations, the average attendance was about 2,505. The banner opera of all that were presented, in a business respect, appears to have been *Die Königin von Saba*, which was given 15 times, with an average attendance of 2,666, and an aggregate attendance of 40,000. *Carmen* was the least successful, it having been presented but twice, with an average of 2,000. The general average of 2,505 was not reached by a single one of the operas except *Die Königin von Saba*, which alone brought the average to so high a point. *Faust*, although presented 7 times, had an average attendance of only 2,000; while *Rienzi*, given the same number of times, foots up the good average of 2,428. *Tannhäuser* and *Die Meistersinger* have an average of 2,500 each; *Lohengrin*, 2,375; *Der Prophet*, 2,366; and *Die Walküre*, 2,170.

There were 692 people employed during the whole season in the presentation of the operas. Of these there were 12 male and 12 female principals; 50 male and 32 female choristers; 24 ballet dancers; 24 figurantes; 186 supernumeraries; 63 instrumentalists; 20 stage musicians; 38 children; 46 turners (in *Rienzi*); 60 extra choristers (in *Die Meistersinger*); 2 conductors; 2 stage managers; 1 chorus master; 1 ballet master; 36 stage hands; 5 engineers; 16 ushers; 21 wardrobe hands; 15 armoury hands; 6 gasmen; 9 cleaners; and 11 doormen.

These people, or some of them, attended 52 performances, 110 chorus rehearsals, 60 ballet rehearsals, 54 stage rehearsals, 19 orchestral rehearsals, 80 solo rehearsals, and 9 dress rehearsals.

The financial result of this season, thanks to Mr. Stanton's earnest efforts, is much better than was expected. The stockholders will be assessed perhaps 1,000 dollars each to make up the deficiency, which would have been a few hundred dollars less for each man had not the losses in Philadelphia been so severe.

Next autumn the season will open with great brilliancy. Goldmark's new opera, *Merlin*, will be given; in all probability, early in the season, and new artists will be engaged when Mr. Stanton goes to Europe, which will be about the middle of next month. Of this year's participants, Fräulein Schumann, Fräulein Brandt, Frau Krauss-Seidl, and Herren Seidl, Fischer and Robinson have already been engaged.—*Freund's Music and Drama*.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, April 24 (*Easter Even*.—10 a.m.: Service (Cummings), in D; Creed (Goss), Anthem, Bach's Passion Music, "Now doth the Lord." *Easter Eve*, 3 p.m.: Service (Attwood) in D; Anthem, No. 448 (1 St. Peter, i., 3), Wesley, "Blessed be the God and Father."

SUNDAY, April 25.—10 a.m.: Proper Hymn for Venite; Service (Bridge), in G throughout; for Introit, Hymn 149; Hymn after 3rd Collect, No. 150. 3 p.m.: Service (Garrett), in F; Anthem, No. 165 (1 Cor. xv. 51), Handel, "Behold, I show," "Worthy is the Lamb"; Hymn after 3rd Collect, No. 149.

Easter Day and St. Mark at 7.

The Evening Service at 7 will be resumed on Sunday, May 2, in the Nave. Preacher, Canon Duckworth: "Temperance" Sermon.

Next Week's Music.

MONDAY 26.

Festival Concert.....Albert Hall2.30

Notes and News.

LONDON.

Mrs. Oscar Beringer has just published, through Messrs. Remington, a "story of musical life," entitled "A Left-handed Marriage." Shortly before his departure she presented a copy to Liszt, to whom the story is dedicated, and who plays an important part in it.

The complete cast of the new opera *Guillem de Cabestanh*, or *Guillem the Troubadour*, as the title has been finally settled, is to the following effect:—

Guillem de Cabestanh.....	Mr. Barton McGuckin.
Count Raimon de Rossilho.....	Mr. Crotty.
Margarida (his wife)	Madame Valleria.
Count Robert	Mr. Barrington Foote.
Azalais (his betrothed)	Miss Burton.
A peasant girl	Miss Vadini.
A peasant	Mr. Beaumont.

The two last characters, although no distinctive name has been vouchsafed them, play an important part in the masque which occurs in the first act. The date of the production at Drury Lane Theatre remains fixed for June 2.

The memorial tablet to Sir William Goss in St. Paul's Cathedral will be uncovered on May 10, the anniversary of his death, after the service, which will be of a special character. The chants, the canticles, and the anthem will all be selected from among the compositions he provided for the use of the Church.

Preparations for the grand performance of *The Redemption* on the Handel Festival scale at the Crystal Palace, on May 1, continue to grow apace. Rehearsals have already been held for the choir in Exeter Hall, and several more will take place before the performance. Mr. Manns, knowing that justice could not be done to Gounod's complicated orchestration with one hurried band rehearsal, has arranged for an extra one on Saturday 24th inst at 11 o'clock, in addition to the one held on the morning of the day of the concert.

Mr. Alfred Moul, the London agent for Herr Hasemann, lessee of the Wallner Theatre, Berlin, has arranged with Mr. D'Oyly Carte for Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, *The Mikado*, to be produced in English at that theatre early in June.

A concert was given by Miss Schmitz at the King's College, Ladies Department, 13, Kensington Square, in aid of the building fund of that excellent institution. Mr. Randegger conducted, and the entertainment, which passed off with great success, comprised several pianoforte selections by Madame Haas and Miss Sasse, both executants of considerable merit, songs contributed by Mrs. Randegger, Miss Cross, Miss Monk, and Mr. Lawrence Kellie, and violin and violoncello performances by Miss Shinner and Miss Phillips respectively.

The Kensington Orchestral and Choral Society gave a very creditable performance of Costa's oratorio *Eli*, at the Town Hall, on Friday the 16th inst. Due effect was given to the soli by Misses E. Elton and Marchant, and Messrs. Palmer, E. F. Buels, and W. H. Brereton. Mr. William Buels conducted the work, which apparently gave entire satisfaction to the numerous audience present.

The most interesting feature of the fourth Philharmonic concert, given on Thursday last week, was Miss Fanny Davies's first appearance at these performances. She played Sterndale Bennett's C minor Concerto with considerable success. Herr Joachim was heard in Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; and the orchestral pieces were the "Eroica" Symphony and Spohr's Overture to *Jessonda*. Miss Griswold, who is an excellent singer too rarely heard, gave, with exquisite refinement, "Il est doux," from Massenet's *Hérodiade*, and songs by Goring Thomas.

The fifth concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society given on Friday last week did not present any novel or interesting features. The works performed were *The Martyr of Antioch* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The interest in the former was forestalled by the excellent rendering which the work lately received at the Albert Hall, when the composer himself conducted. Miss Pauline Cramer, who was new to the music of Margarita is an intelligent artist, but her voice and dramatic style are too powerful for Sullivan's gentle strains.

The last concert of the students of the Academy was a success in most respects, the chief feature being an excellent performance of Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, in which Miss Owen, Miss Agnes Jansen, Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, and Mr. Alec Marsh took the principal solo parts. Chorus and orchestra did their work in a spirited manner, and the services of Mr. William Shakespeare, the conductor, should not be forgotten.

PROVINCIAL.

The Biographical Dictionary of Musicians to which we have previously referred, containing a bibliography of English Writings on Music, compiled and edited by Mr. James D. Brown, assistant librarian to the Mitchell Library, Glasgow, is now in the press, and will be published in May.

GLASGOW.—On Thursday evening, April 15, the Hillhead Musical Association gave a private concert in the Queen's Rooms. The programme opened with R. L. de Pearsall's glee, "When Allen-a-Dale went a-hunting," followed by Edwardes's madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed," after which H. Hofmann's cantata, "The Legend of the Fair Melusina" was performed. Mr. W. T. Hoeck conducted.—The fourth and last "Symposium" of the Glasgow Society of Musicians this season took place on Saturday afternoon, April 17, when Mr. J. A. Robertson (the late Secretary) read a very interesting paper on "Musical Criticism."

FOREIGN.

BRUSSELS, April 15.—The failure of M. Verdhurt, which was definitely announced last Monday, and the consequent closing of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, is naturally the all-absorbing topic with that section of the public which interests itself in operatic affairs. The deficit seems to be considerable, being stated in some quarters at 180,000 francs. The artists, however, have arranged to keep the theatre open till the close of the season, on May 3, and M. Lapissida, the director appointed *pro tem.*, left for Paris on Tuesday night in the hope of being able to bring back Mmes. Escaron and Escalais. Various causes, some of by no means recent origin, have contributed to the disaster. Among these may be cited the additional burdens imposed by the Municipality upon the management, the high prices paid to leading artists, the strikes and the general commercial stagnation consequent upon them. The journals here, while indulging in some strong criticisms, pay their tribute to the enterprise of the late manager, and to the liberality with which he has always catered for the Brussels public.—The Pianoforte Recital of M. Camille Gurickx attracted a crowded audience. Among the works performed were Beethoven's *Sonata appassionata*; an arrangement for pianoforte by Dupont of Bach's Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G; and Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques*. M. Auguste Dupont (who was the master of Gurickx) assisted at the soirée, and shared the success of his pupil.

COPENHAGEN, April 17.—Since I wrote to you last Madame Norman Neruda has given three concerts here, all very interesting. The programme at the last, when, according to her own words, she bade farewell finally to Copenhagen and the Danish people, included Rode's Concerto in A minor, and pieces by Spohr and Vieuxtemps. Few artists have won so many hearts as Madame Norman-Neruda. She played wonderfully last night, especially Vieuxtemps' *Andante and Tarantella*, and Neruda's *Berceuse Slave*. Of course she was called back repeatedly. Casino Hall was crowded, and the enthusiasm was suggestive of French or Italian audiences, rather than of our northern Danish public.—At the Royal Theatre Paul Heyse's "Eresgield" (debt of honour) has been given.—The Opera is half asleep at present, our celebrated Capellmeister, Johan Svendsen being absent in Helsingfors, where he is giving very successful orchestral concerts. Our well-known Danish composer and conductor, Emil Hartmann, has lately been in Hamburg and Bremen. He has given several concerts in Germany, everywhere with great success. The German people are his greatest admirers; they know him as intimately as we do, and like him so well that they call him "our Hartmann" in the papers.

PARIS, April 20.—The production at the Opera Comique of Ambroise Thomas's *Song d'une Nuit d'Été*, which had to be postponed last week on account of the illness of M. Taskin, and of the domestic affliction which had befallen M. Degenne, took place last night before a brilliant audience with unmistakable signs of success. The principal parts were sustained by Maurel and Madlle. Isaacs, the latter achieving a decided triumph. The orchestra, scenic accessories, and mounting were in all respects admirable.—On the same evening a painful scene was witnessed by the crowded audience which assembled for Rubinstein's fifth concert at the Salle Erard, when the pianist, after giving a wonderful interpretation of Chopin and Schubert, suddenly succumbed to fatigue, and fainted in the middle of the entertainment. The previous outbursts of enthusiasm were changed to manifestations of the keenest solicitude, and when, after ten minutes interval, it was announced that Rubinstein was ready to recommence, the audience were unanimous in resisting this proposal. Surprise can scarcely be felt at this result of the Herculean task the great virtuoso has imposed upon himself; that the incident has caused general regret it is scarcely necessary to add. The latest accounts state that Rubinstein, although rather exhausted, is improving.—Verdi quitted Paris last week. He is the one person who has nothing to say and says nothing concerning the rumoured production of *Otello*.—Mlle. Van Zandt, who has now recovered from her serious illness, is daily expected in Paris from St. Petersburg.—On Good Friday, the last Lamoureux concert will take place at the Eden-Theatre, when the programme will be devoted to instrumental works of Wagner, including Overtures, Preludes, Marches, etc., and the first and third scenes from the *Walküre*, sung by Mme. Brunet-Lafleur and M. Van Dyck.

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